The World.
Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 43.....NO. 15,102.

THE EVENING

THE PRICE OF MEAT.

"It is absolutely essential," says Dr. T. K. Chambers, the British diet specialist, "that the fleshly machinery for doing work should be continuously replaced, as it becomes worn out, by flesh food." How well New Yorkers understand this is shown by their weekly consumption of 16,500,000 pounds of beef, the yearly total reaching the remarkable proportions of 390,000,000 pounds. To provide this great amount of roast and steak requires the slaughter of more than a million head of cattle. Besides this we eat 182,000,000 pounds of lamb and mutton a year, and more than one-half as much pork and bacon.

An idea may be had from these figures of what even a slight rise in price means to the domestic pocketbook. Meat is still as dear as it was last year, and far dearer, as The Evening World's investigations show, than it should be. It has dropped from two to three cents a pound in Kansas City: the increased supply of cattle at the packing-houses there bore the price down from $8 to $6. But the reduction has not yet reached the seaboard. Three cents off the beef bill alone will mean a loss of nearly half a million dollars a week to the Beef Trust. There is no reason, from the trust's point of view, for hurrying the reduction. Consequently the extra tribute will be extorted from household allowances as long as it is possible to do so.

At this time of the year the housekeeper is more than ever at the mercy of the butcher because the temperature demands a larger consumption of animal food for the body's well-being. It is essential to the production of heat and energy. We do not need, like the Esquimau of whom the Arctic explorer told, to eat thirty-five pounds of fat to supply the necessary amount of physical warmth, but a man does require nearly a pound of meat a day in cold weather, and if the Arctic temperature continued through the year it would become necessary to increase the allowance. In developing a given amount of energy one pound of meat represents nearly four pounds of cabbage, and it is economy in the end to provide it. It is at this season that the vegetarian recognizes his limitations. To compete with the meat-eater on even terms he is obliged to consume a larger quantity of food to gain an equal return in heat and force.

THE JOCKEYS' EARNINGS.

Balzac's father was uncertain what would become of his "useless fat boy." Jockey "Winnie" O'Connor's first turf employer thought him "of no account" and got rid of him. Now O'Connor has signed with Baron de Rothschild and M. de Floch, of Paris, for next season with "retaining fees" of $35,000, probably the largest sum ever paid a lad for riding. It exceeds by $10,000 the amount reported to have been paid "Danny" Maher for riding in England last year. Sometimes the elders are not wise about the boy's future.

O'Connor, now twenty-one, was a newsboy before he became a jockey, and Maher, now twenty, was a bootblack. They are both graduates of "Father Bill" Daly's famous "school," in which McLaughlin, Garrison, Fitzpatrick and Slack were developed. Daly's method is to "take a boy of twelve, weighing about sixty pounds," and make a number-one jockey of him; and how good a schoolmaster he is, and how profitable his school has been, is shown by his boast that in twenty years he has sold jockeys' contracts that netted him more than $30,000.

Is it to be wondered at that the princely income these youths receive and the adulation bestowed on them tempt them to the short life and the merry one that means fat, or loss of staying power, or general incapacity within a few years? Pleasant vices, soon to get a grip on the jockey that will pull him down. The fifty new suits of clothes a year which "Tommy" Burns affected may not hurt their owner's form, but how long will the big black cigars which O'Connor smokes permit him to remain at the head of the bunch?

Burns could afford his Beau Brummel wardrobe. His retaining fee from W. C. Whitney in 1901 was $12,000, and he was credited with making $25,000 that year. Clarence Mackay paid George Odom $12,000 last year, and Henry received $10,000 from J. R. Keene. Mr. Whitney paid Harry Cochran a retaining fee of $15,000. J. B. Haggin paid Otto Wonderly the same amount. Cochran was a midget jockey, riding at eighty pounds, where little Johnny Reiff scaled up to eighty-five. The performances of these two small boys, the former now only seventeen and the latter sixteen, are, everything considered, the most remarkable examples of youthful achievement which the turf records. Reiff began to ride at eleven, and Cochran at fifteen was earning more than any bank president in New York but two or three. Perhaps the wonder should be that a jockey keeps his head as well as he does.

RICH RECLUSES.

A very interesting woman recluse died in Orange, N. J., the other day. She was Miss Minnie A. Harrison, and though very rich and the occupant of a fine home, she shut up all the other rooms and lived in the kitchen alone except for her dogs and cats. Few persons were permitted to cross her threshold. With her case may be compared that of Abram Slimmer, of Waterloo, Ia., a millionaire, seventy-three years old, who recently gave up his $50,000 home and went to live in the woodshed. But even more profitable for purposes of comparison are the cases of other rich women recluses, such as—

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Leary, found dead at eighty-three in Fort Wayne. From an old chest in her living room the searchers brought for $2,100 in cash and bills of exchange on Liverpool to the amount of £50,000.

Mrs. Hester Thorpe, of Flushing, who, when she died at the age of seventy-two, had not passed her gate for years. She had not seen a trolley car.

The aged Dickson sisters, of New Rochelle, who had lived for fifty years together in hermit-like seclusion in a beautiful house overlooking the Sound.

Sarah Howell, once a belle of Suffolk County, who passed forty-six years of her life in one room at Mattituck, L. I.

Mary Gallagher, worth $30,000, rescued half frozen from her home in Englewood Saturday. Chips burning in a tin can were the only means of warmth she made use of.

A desire for solitude is as normal a manifestation of old age as a desire for society is of youth. But when it impels the possessor to the seclusion of a hermitage it is clearly a form of insanity. With it is sometimes coupled the fear of loss of wealth, which frequently develops in persons poor in youth but rich in later life. A case of recent interest was that of a wealthy Chicago woman, the widow of a millionaire cigar manufacturer. Immediately following her husband's death she began to have visions of the poorhouse. The growth of this apprehension led to delusions and paranoiac hallucinations.

JOKES OF THE DAY

"I hear your husband's travelling in the West? You must have missed his presence yesterday."

"Oh, no! He sent them by mail."

"At last I've reached the proper age to act as chaperon."

"Reached your chaperonage, eh?"

"Why did you take back all the unkind things
You used to say about her?" Ethel cried.
"I took them back because I wanted them
To use on some one else," Elaine replied.

"All European noblemen are educated."

"At knight-school, I suppose?"

"The Christmas rush is over, thank goodness!"

"Yes, and now I suppose the 'L' company will devise some plan to cope with it."

Young Wife (with pout)—So I am a "bird," am I? You used to say I was an angel.

Young Husband—Well, I still give you credit for having wings, don't I?—Chicago Tribune.

"Going to make any new resolutions on Jan. 1?"

"Oh, dear, no! I haven't broken all my old ones yet."

The time draws near that all men fear;
For each knows what he'll do—
He'll not remember he's past December,
But still write "nineteen-two."

"I've just returned from the courts of Europe."

"Are the fines there any easier than in the courts of New York?"

"I heard your children crying yesterday. What was the matter? Didn't they get any presents?"

"Well, no. You see I had only just enough spare cash this Christmas to tip the janitor."

SOMEBODIES.

CURZON, LORD—Viceroy of India, has not, it is said, succeeded in putting into effect more than a few of his many proposed reforms, owing to his inability to persuade the gentle Hindoos to hustle.

HEWITT, ABRAM S.—who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, has a New York record of over sixty years of activity in local business and politics.

KING CHARLES—of Roumania has a steel crown made from part of a Turkish cannon captured at the battle of Plevna.

SEAVERNA, J. H.—a former Jersey City man, is about to run for Parliament in England. Should he be elected he will be the third "American member" of Parliament. Seaverna has lived in England ten years and was recently naturalized.

STEFANOFF, CONSTANTIN—brother of the Mme. Tsilka who was captured with Miss Ellen Stone, has just finished working his way through Yale and is on his way back to Macedonia to be a missionary.

OUR TEARS.

Tears have their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body, and the lachrymal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill space or to give expression to emotion. The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and herein consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work.

Nothing cleanses the eye like a good salty shower bath, and medical art has followed natural law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, clearer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech, implying the lack of balmy tears, that are to the cornea what salve is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

I LOVED YOU SO.

I loved you so—I was so young, you see,
There lay no guile between my love and me.
I gave you all my spirit could bestow—
I did not stop to think—I loved you so!

I loved you so—I was a helpless thing,
My heart, a harp responsive in each string
Unto your touch, and yet you did not know
Nor understand then that I loved you so.

I loved you so! My trembling lips were dumb,
My being abject, pleading, overcome.
How could I voice the useless words that go
To tell of loving when—I loved you so?

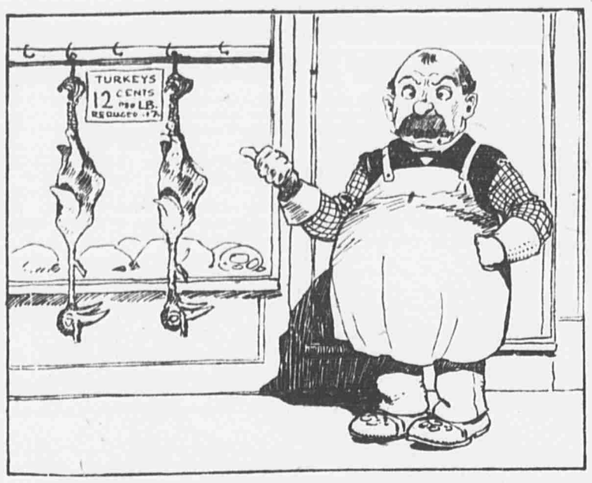
I loved you so I could not smile or part
My lips to breathe the passion in my heart.
I dared not lift my eyes—their overflow
Would then have told you that I loved you so!

I loved you so—and now, is love well worth
The years and tears of sorrow since its birth?
A thousand times again I'd undergo
Love's crucifixion, for—I love you so!

—Annulet Andrews in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TURKEYS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

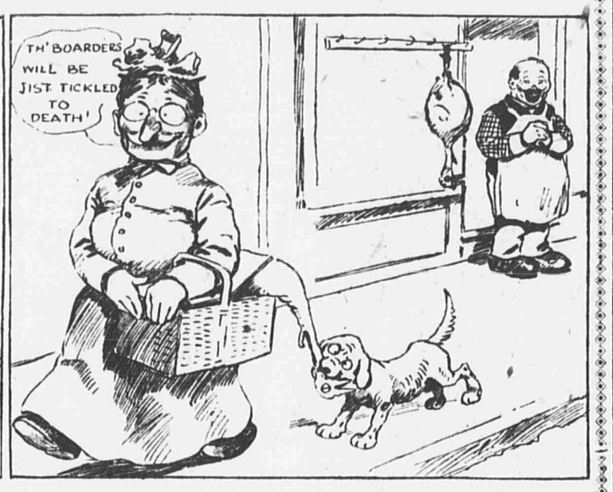
Mrs. Harlemflatte's Experience Illustrated by Artist Kahles.



1—"Can't seem to sell them blamed skinny old things."

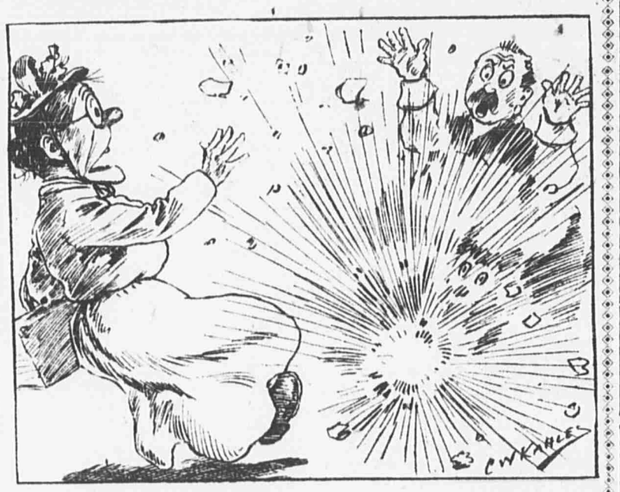
2—"Think I'll fatten 'em up a bit with this bicycle pump."

3—"Sellin' 'em out cheap, lady—and they're nice and fat."



4—"That was too easy."

5—The Dog—I'll get my teeth through this or bust.



6—But the turkey "busted" first.

STRENUOUS HINT.

Borem (11 P. M.)—It is a man's endurance—his staying qualities, as it were—that makes him strong.

Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—Indeed! Then you must be a modern Samson.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

Wederly—I believe in a man telling his wife just what he thinks.

Singleton—Yes, of course; but they tell me that since your marriage you have been afraid to think.

HER MISTAKE.

"Ma thought there was a man in the house last night."

"Well, was there?"

"No. It was only pa."

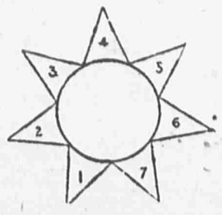
HOUSEHOLD RULER.

Singleton—That's a queer sign: "Wanted—A girl to feed ruling machine."

Wederly—Nothing queer about that. Somebody wants a nurse girl to look after the baby.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENT IN THE HOME.

THE STAR PUZZLE.



Print the letters of the word "redeem" on six bits of cardboard; place a letter on any vacant point, as on 3, and jump it over either of the adjacent points to 5 or 1, and there let it lie. Continue in this way, placing letters on vacant points and jumping, as in checkers. The letters are to be taken in regular order, and the puzzle is to so place them that they will still spell the word "redeem" when read around the circles.

TOUGH BRAIN TWISTERS.

Two numbers are 5 and 13. Find a number equal to the sum of their cubes without cubing the numbers. Also find a number equal to the sum of their fourth powers without raising the numbers to the fourth power.

Find a sum of money in pounds and shillings whose half is just its reverse. The reverse of a sum of money, as £10 6s, is £5 10s.

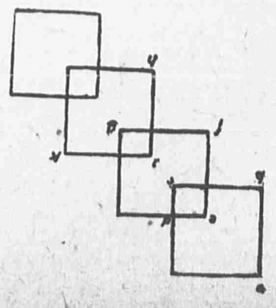
The difference between the squares of two numbers is 27. Find the numbers.

Two numbers are 5 and 4. Find a number equal to the difference of their cubes without cubing the numbers.

If 6 dogs kill 6 rats in 6 minutes, how many dogs will kill 100 rats in 50 minutes?

How deep must a well be in order that a bucket 3 1-2 inches in diameter and 3 1-2 inches deep, with a hole 3 inches in diameter in bottom, will empty itself in passing to the surface at the rate of 360 feet per minute? (Increased flow due to motion of bucket to be disregarded.)

FOUR SQUARES, ONE LINE.



To draw the four perfect squares shown in the illustration with one continuous line, start at a, go to b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k and so forth and the trick is done.

THE JUMBO JOKE.

Two boys are required to personate Jumbo—one represents his fore and the other his hind legs. The first boy stoops, steadying himself by placing his hands on his knees, the second boy stooping also to the same level, with his hands on the first boy's thighs. A quilt, doubled three or four times, is now placed on the backs of the boys, which serves to form the back of the elephant. A large blanket or travelling shawl is then thrown over them, one end of which is twisted to represent the trunk of the animal, the other end serving in a similar manner to represent his tail. Two paper cones form the tusks, and Jumbo is complete. A bright and witty boy should be selected to play the part of keeper, and he must lecture on the prodigious strength, wonderful sagacity and extreme docility of the animal, proving the latter quality by lying down and letting the elephant walk over him. It always amuses a company to show them Jumbo.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

ON "L" ROAD MANAGEMENT.

"I SEE the snow tied up the 'L' again," remarked the cigar-store man.

"It don't take a snowstorm to tie up the 'L'," said The Man Higher Up. "If somebody should accidentally drop a chocolate eclair on the track from one of the stations it would stall the system from where the emigrants come in to where the trains start for Yonkers. A watermelon on the right of way would put the road on the plotz for three days.

"As comedians the managers of the 'L' have got Weber and Fields looking like a team of undertakers. It is the funniest managed railroad in the world. As long as the people stand the gaff and laugh at the comical efforts of the 'L' course workers to run cars the show will continue.

"Every other railroad that I know of is managed with the object of giving the best possible accommodations to passengers with a view of getting more passengers. The 'L' is managed on the principal that the less you give passengers the better they will like you. Up to date they have got away with it.

"When the 'L' was built, back in the '70s, a certain number of engines were procured. The engines and cars were sufficient at that time to carry the public. As the city grew, and grew, they kept the same old number of engines and cars, and while other 'L' roads in the United States were installing electricity and hustling to keep up with the times the 'L' was hustling to stay back in the '70s.

"Then, when they were compelled to put in electricity because they found out that it was cheaper, they ransacked the scrap heaps of the country for materials. Their third rails were made from Old Dr. Lemonosky's tincture of T. Rail, solidified. The troughs they put the rails in were made from pieces of lumber bought from men who wreck buildings. The only reason they didn't get second-hand motors was because there are limitations to cheapness in electrical equipment.

"After the third-rail system was installed somebody in the 'L' management discovered that they had forgotten to order cars. After they got the cars they discovered that they could run six cars to a train instead of five, but that the platforms were too short to accommodate six cars.

"Here was a hurdle for the stodgy brain of the 'L' managers to balk at. They figured themselves into a cold sweat, some of them thinking for an hour in succession. All the talent on the road was engaged in the problem of how to shrink the cars so that they would fit the platforms that were built to accommodate the travel back in the '70s.

"Somebody with a shade of common-sense finally suggested that it might be a good idea to lengthen the platforms. The management was stung, and fired the man for making a suggestion involving the expenditure of money, but finally they lengthened the platforms—some of them. The work was started last summer, and they are at it yet—three men and a boy. Sometimes it stops short for several days at a time because of a scarcity of second-hand lumber and nails.

"On certain sections of the east side lines the ties are so rotten that they might just as well be slabs of Swiss cheese. When the management decides to put in new ties the ties are piled on the station platforms and left there for months and months before the work of changing them is begun.

"Mayor Low suggested the other day that passengers leave the cars by one door and enter by another. General Manager Skitt can't see it. He immediately concludes—because of his long training in thinking backward—that the only way the plan would work is to have people enter by the south doors on northbound trains and leave by the north doors. That the logical way would be to enter by the north doors and leave by the south doors does not occur to him."

"Who do you think would be a better man to run the 'L'?' asked the cigar-store man.

"Fred Thompson, the manager of Luna Park, Coney Island," replied The Man Higher Up. "As a separator of nickels from their owners he is a performer among the stars. Besides, he has had a lot of experience running roller-coasters and shoot-the-chutes."

SHOUTS WE CANNOT HEAR.

Most people suppose a mole to be dumb, but it is not. A mole can give a sound so shrill that it hasn't any effect on the human ear at all, and another sound so low and soft that no human being can hear it, says Tit Bits. Yet a weasel can hear both these sounds as plainly as you can the report of a gun, and a sound-registering machine—the phonautograph—will show them both, with scores of other sounds you are deaf to.

The usual note of the mole is a law purr, which it uses a good deal while at work underground: and it can also shout at the top of its voice if hurt or alarmed, but though it shouted and purred in your ear you wouldn't hear it. The sound register, however, with its delicate pencil that marks the volume of sound on a paper, gives the quantity of both sounds.

A weasel, too, which is one of the mole's enemies, can hear these sounds through a couple of inches of earth, and often catches the mole when he throws up his hillocks of earth. The common field mouse, too, has a purr that is altogether beyond you, though you can hear him squeak plainly enough if he is hurt. A death's-head moth, too, can squeak, but that is done by rubbing his wings together, and is not a voice at all.

But the champion of all creatures for good hearing, and one that can hear a sound that is over 100 degrees beyond your own limit, is the common thrush, and you may often amuse yourself by watching him at it. He can hear a lobworm moving underground, locate him by the noise, and haul him out.

Often you may see a thrush stand perfectly still on your lawn, cock his ear and listen intently, then make a couple of steps and haul out a fat lobworm. Even the starling, which is about the size of a thrush, cannot do this, but he knows the thrush can, and, being a disreputable person, with no common honesty, he follows the young thrushes about on their worm hunts and steals the worms from them as soon as they are caught.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

Chinese is an ideographic language. It conveys the idea and not the word for a thing, as the figure "8" represents the idea and not the word, says the Detroit Free Press. The Chinese have invented more than 40,000 marks for their writing, but it requires only about 3,000 marks for mercantile correspondence, and it is said to be easier to learn them than the words of an ordinary foreign language.

Russian is more difficult for Americans than Chinese. It takes much longer to learn the spoken language because of the variety of dialects, but any one can have his knowledge perfected by a linguist within about a year. Exact instruction in one of the Chinese languages can only be given by a Chinaman.